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NO MOTHER NOW.

I have no mother now,
That faithful heart is stilled;
The voice forever hushed;
The lips forever chilled.

I have no mother now,
She sleeps beneath the sod;
Her weary heart's at rest;
Her spirit is with God.

I have no mother now;
What bitter tears of woe
Fall o'er a mother's tomb,
No one save orphans know.

But He, that God of love,
Knows all our grief and pain;
And soon the loved and lost
Will give to us again.

'T WILL SOON BE DAY.

However wild the thunder,
However dark the way;
Though skies seem rent asunder—
Keep on, right on, alway.

Though sounds and shapes uncertain,
Weird-like, about you play;
God yet will lift the curtain—
Keep on; 't will soon be day.

FATE AND THE FUTURE.

I can almost see it yet; the long winding turnpike road leading up the hill to the school house, dotted on either side with white cottages, with fringe of silver maples that formed a sort of arcade, from the town pump in the valley to the tall red house where, year in, year out, with the exception of Saturday, grim old Mr. Nickelby Glasgow held undisputed sway over an infantile domain which recognized but one power superior to his, and that the birch rod, which he wielded alike regardless of jacket and wearer; yet he was a good well-meaning soul, this Mr. Nickelby Glasgow, take him before nine o'clock or after four, and I trust he rests well in the genial shade of the very trees he plundered to facilitate education.

The old school house stands at the head of the hill yet, and the boughs of the silver maples interlace as tenderly as they did on the day that Mary Throne and I walked up the turnpike road for the last time. Let me see; it must be ten years ago, for I was sixteen and she was a year younger. I remember that I carried her satchel, and that she trudged along very close at my side. I talked very soberly of going away, and she cried very softly behind a brown veil.

"Going away!" she repeated after me, with a pitiful attempt at indifference.—"Going away! When and where?"

"To-day, Mary," I made answer. "You know there is no home for me here since mother died—no home for me any where except the one I shall make for myself and—and you, Mary."

She stopped and leaned against the trunk of a maple, and looked at me half quizzically from the shade of the brown veil; she seemed to be laughing, but there were tears in the laugh, and tears were trickling down her face.

"But where are you going?" A pause between every other word.

"I cannot tell you, but to some place where there is a chance for a poorboy; and it seems to me that I ought to go a long distance from here to find that."

She was still leaning against the tree, looking up at me.

"Are you so very poor then?" she queried. I remember I laughed at her question, and she accepted the laugh in reply, and continued, "Ah, yes, you are, I know, and it is terrible to be poor, is it not?"

"I trust you may never know just how terrible it is," I said.

I saw her hand fumbling at the pocket of her dress; by-and-by the hand was withdrawn, and I saw that the fingers were pressed tightly over a delicate silken purse, on which her monogram, "M. T.," was quaintly embroidered in a bright shade of floss.

"Here, Bob, take this," she said, pushing the purse into my reluctant palm. "It isn't much, but it will help you. Now don't refuse, unless you want to make me angry."

I did not refuse; perhaps I did wrong in taking it, but it certainly would have been a greater wrong had I denied her wish. Feeling, however, I was wrong in accepting the purse, the only chance I saw to retrive myself lay in making a return of some kind. My store of worldly effects was meagre, but I had a ring which in her youth my mother had worn. It was a quaint device of Etruscan gold, curiously wrought, and of marvelous beauty if not worth. She had given it to me just before she died, as she laid her hand on my head and bade me be true to myself and her.

"Take this, my son," she had said, "and some day when you have found a girl sweet and good whom you may love even better than you do me, and say that in heaven I will watch over you both and wait for your coming."

Surely I had found the "sweet, good girl," and I slipped the ring from my finger and kissed it, then laid it in Mary's hand.

"It was mother's," I said. "Wear it, Mary, as the seal of our betrothal; wear it, and I know you will always think of me.'

"Good-by, Mary."

I meant to be very calm, very self-possed; tears were for women, I thought, loftily and repression for men; and I looked down on her trembling little figure, vaguely outlined against the red background of the school house wall, then I looked down the road—the road we might never walk again—and thought of all that had been, and might be, and my heart seemed to leap full in my throat and almost choked me; and then I broke down entirely, and we were crying in concert—and, well, I was but sixteen, and she was younger.

The school house bell clanged ominously, and rang an unconscious knell to our friendship; the moment of parting had come.

"Good-by, Bob," she said, softly. "Kiss me, Bob."

I bent and kissed her. I presume if Mr. Nickelby Glasgow was looking, his sense of prudence and propriety was outraged; however, I kissed her not once but twice and thrice and then—

"Good-by, Bob."

"Good-by, Mary."

We had parted.

That was ten years ago, ten years of trial, privation, and final reward. At the outset I knew the world was against me, and that I was against the world. But I was resolute, preseverring and, above all, hopeful. There was many a struggle, a long, long series of disappointments—moments when hope was all but vanquished and despair supreme. But I struggled on, determined to conquer, not be conquered; and what is impossible to youth, blessed with health, hope and ambition to succeed?

I cannot bring myself to believe that a recital of struggles, temptation and final achievement, however glowing, told by one's self is interesting to others; therefore I shall not lengthen mine. Simply suffice it to say that from the position of an office boy to a legal firm I advanced to clerk, then to student, and finally to junior partnership. All this was, of course, not accomplished as easily as written. There was many a lapse from the gaol of ambition, many a quiet heart-ache, many a moment of complete discouragement. But nothing, however paltry, was beneath my notice, nothing, however great, beyond my energy. From "Bob" I rose to the dignity of "Robert," from that to the high estate of "young Halleck," and finally to the pre-eminence of "Robert Halleck, Esq.;" and ten years had gone by since the May afternoon when in the shadow of the school house wall I had said farewell to Mary Throne.

What of her, you ask? Well, to go back again too the outset of my career, I was then to miserably poor to indulge in the luxury of regular meals, to say nothing of a correspondence. But finally I did write a long letter, telling of my battles and begging a reply. A month passed, but none came; then I wrote again, again and again, but each letter met with the similar fate. Finally, in sheer despair, I wrote to Mr. Nickelby Glasgow, assuring him in an apologetic sort of way that I knew he was anxious to hear of my welfare, and finally concluding with a postscript much longer than the letter itself, in which I inquired the whereabouts and fate of little Mary Throne.

Then I waited patiently enough for his reply, which came at last, encased in a yellow envelope, addressed in large scholary hiroglyphics, and was altogether just such an epistle as Mr. Nickelby Glasgow and Mr. Nickelby Glasgow alone could indite. He was glad to hear of my health and prosperity; hoped I read my Bible regularly on rising and retiring; the former ceremony he trusted occurred not later than six o'clock A. M., and the latter not later than eight o'clock P. M. He feared I was wrong in leaving my native community, and he assured me I was greatly missed. Then he went on to say the school had rather deteriorated of late, the scholars were few, and the pay irregular and small. He hinted modestly that the scholars, young and old—a deep line under the last clause—were to make him a substantial present at the close of the term, and then referred vaguely to the years he had labored in behalf of childhood, and the arduous labor that it was. The letter ran to a considerable length; told me the village but her was dead, the apothecary bankrupt, the little widow who kept the millinery shop at the corner remarried, and then—just as my patience had reached the limit of endurance—my eye caught the name of Mary Throne.

"I am very grieved," he wrote, "to inform you that the Thrones have gone I know not wither, the cause thereof being the recent reverses sustained by Mr. Throne, where by his fortune was entirely consumed. I know you will share the regret I experienced at their removal; they were excellent people, and Mr. Throne's name was foremost in all charities, of which the school fund was the principal one."

I tossed the letter away, and my heart and thoughts went out to the little girl struggling, perhaps, just as I was struggling, fighting the same hard battle, bearing the same heavy burden, only with less strength than I. I tried to find her, why, I do not know, unless I fancied it would make both loads lighter to feel the other near. But all was in vain, and year glided into year, and the yearning of my heart grew less, though my love never did. I laid the silken purse with its floss monogram "M. T.," away, and laid with it the sweet hopes and memories of the one I felt was lost to me. Then I went back to the battle of life again, fortified and defiant.

Yet never a speech did I make in a crowded court room that it did not seem to me the influence of Mary Throne insensibly and invisibly affected it. Never a book did I read but that the purest, sweetest character in it I felt was suggested by and suggestive of her's. Never a fair face did I see but her's was before me, in the full bloom of her beauty whose opening tints remained in memory still.

And ten years had come and gone, and the snows of an early winter lay upon the streets and house tops, and shook from the leafless branches of the trees as they swayed to and fro with a doleful sort of cadence, and sharpened the already cutting air. Yet, spite of this, the lights of the city shone with brilliance undiminished, and occasionally above the sighing of the wind rose the echo of a merry laugh, a broken song, or a strain of music; then the wind was uppermost again.

The clock in the old Trinity was striking twelve, I had passed into Broadway, had buttoned my coat tightly about me, and was waiting for a cab to carry me home. You see I ride in cabs nowadays; they are one of my favorite follies, and throw money into a good channel of circulation. The last chime had died away, and only the hum of clanging bells remained. I looked down the street in search of my cab, and straightway looked back again, at the sound of a low voice at my elbow.

"I—I beg pardon, sir; but can you direct me to the Bowery, please?"

Looking down I saw the shrinking form of a woman leaning against the lamp-post at my side. The voice was low and inexpressively sweet, and almost lost beneath the shawl which covered the head and shoulders so completely that only the white outline of the face was visible; yet there was something about either the face or the voice which attracted me irresistibly.

"The Bowery?" I repeated. "I can scarcely direct you, it is so very far from here."

"How far please?"

There was a mute appeal in the voice and it seemed for an instant to magnetize me. I caught a glimpse of bright, dark eyes shining behind the shadow of the shawl as mechanically I replied—

"At least an hours walk. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No—yes—no; I must find the Bowery."

"At this hour of the night?" It is very cold, and their are many dangers."

"Cold! What is cold when the brain is aflame? What are the dangers to a starving wretch like me?"

She staggered back against the lamp-post for support.

"Pardon me, sir, for speaking so, for speaking at all; but I must find—"

The voice died away entirely now, and was lost in a great convulsive sob that shook the little figure as the beating of the storm does a reed, and me back in my life to the old turnpike road, with its arcade of maples, and the litte girl who was bidding me good-by. A spirit of the lost one seemed to pervade me, and placing my hand on the shrinking figure I said—

"If you are in need I will assist you."

"In need!" she repeated. "Oh, sir, the words are feeble; I am starving, sir! We are starving—mother, the children and I at home. I am no beggar, but we must have relief, and if I could find the Bowery I would part with this—his ring."

She slipped something from her finger, and at the same time the shawl dropped from her face. It was I who staggered backward now, and clung white and trembling to her arm, forgetful of everything but the one hope that possessed me. I did not speak—I could not—and she continued, holding out in the moonlight a thread-like band of gold whose quaint design I knew full well—

"Here is the ring, sir; will you buy it? What will you give?"

I caught her in my arms like a crazy man.

"My love—my life—everything I have, Mary!

The ring fell from her grasp, and she sprang back with a scream of joy.

"Bob—Bob—O Bob!"

And she was crying on my breast, just as she had cried a dozen years before, and just as she will never cry again, Godwilling; for she is mine now, all mine, for there was a solemn and beautiful wedding next day, and we are happy as the days are long, Mary and I.

Toys and National Traits.

"Show me a nation's toys," said Mr. Crandall, the 'children's friend,' "and I will tell you what kind of people they are. Now the Germans, you know, are a great toy nation; they go go in for quantity rather than quality. They manufacture toys and every child in the country has them. Every German child, sir, has plenty of toys. What is the result? Why, we find them the most sociable, kindly, honest people in the world, possessed of all the household virtues; kind to their wives and children. Then the French; they go in for quality rather than quantity; everything they make is a work of art; their children have few toys, and those they have are very expensive, and must be played with in a quiet, genteel way. How do you find the French? why, very polite, refined, suave.

"Take the Chinese. They are a great toy nation; they ascend to the sky and decend into the sea for ideas in regard to toys, and spare no pains in making them. Dragons, and giants, and dwarfs, and strange fish, and sea serpents, and curious nondescript beings and animals all serve, and then give the children plenty of them; result is that the Chinese are like the Germans, among themselves sociable, great for great days and celebrations, and very industrious. Japanese are much the same. The English now run more on out-door toys and games which exercise—projectiles, tennis, foot ball, cricket, shinny, hoop, marbles. The boys play tag and pull-away and all such running games and the girls play ring games. How do we find the English? Jovial, atheletic, rough and boisterous. Again, look at the Spaniards; very few toys they use. What's the result? Why, they are treacherous, harsh, implacable. Then the Indians—our own Indians—the only toy they have is the bow. Well, now this cultivated and killing instincts only. What was the result? Why, we had to kill them all off; they were entirely untamable. The Esquimax, he has no toys at all, and he is the meanest specimen of mankind on God's footstool.

For the Boys.

The Wide Awake gives the following story which is all the better for being true. Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an honr for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each preserved for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house, into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

Keep the Children Warm.

Half the illness and fretfulness of little children might be prevented by keeping them warm enough. They are often so unequally dressed—some parts covered to excess, and others, more vital still, left almost unclothed—that they are in constant discomfort. They cannot tell the difficulty; and thoughtless mothers dismiss the whole subject with the general complaint of crossness. Warm underflannels and good home-made woolen stockings are a comfort beyond computation in the winter season. When worn in the winter it is common to delay in putting them ou until the seeds of a sad cold are sown, which may last for the season or even for life. If the mother is ouly before handed with her calculations for the changing seasons, this might all be prevented.

A Dakota Hail-Storm.

Experience of an Eastern Engineer in the Bracing Air of the Northwest.

JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA, December 13.

About the most striking thing it has been the lot of the writer to witness in this land of the Dakotas was a hail-storm. Cyclones we rarely have—Eastern papers to the conrary notwithstanding—but a genuine Dakota hail-storm is something to talk adout. Last summer some Jamestown capitalists concluded to run a railroad from that city southward in search of new town sites to boom. This search for pastures new usually is the moving impetus to the construction of branch roads here is the Northwest. To survey this road a bran new corps of engineers was brought out from the East and set to work. We had battled successfully with the mosquitoes and the other concomitant pleasures of plain life for a week or more and were beginning to congratulate ourselves upon the stoicism with which we roughed it when this particular hail-storm, talking us—as the thunder took the toad—off guard, knocked all the conceit out of us.

We were just finishing supper one evening, when, to some one's observation that it was getting dark mighty fast, our chief looking up, dropping knife and fork and yelled: "Thunder! boys, it's going to rain. Hurry up! get the things inside the tent." Get the mischief! for pitter patter—whiz-bang! and one of the worst hail-storms that ever swept the plains was upon us, driving us all—a round dozen in number—into a little eight by ten tent. Three minutes after the first drop fell it would have cost a man his life to have gone any distance from shelter, for the ice was coming down in blocks of six inches in circumference and in perfect sheets. Our covered wagon started off on a trip across the country—proving itself literally a prairie schooner—and brought up in the river beyond, and, despit the efforts of a dozen stalwart men, our tent came nearly following after. All around inside the men were either on their knees holding down the canvas or hanging on to the ridge-pole with might and main, while the hail pelted the roof, sides and ends of our tent with such force that no one could stand against the canvass, and through the hollows which the stones knocked in our supposed tightly-stretched tent the water poured in volumes. The mules of our outfit tore loose from their pickets and rushing wildly about sought shelter along the high banks of the river. One wise old ass called Balaam backed up against the lee side of our teut and assisted not a little in keeping it from blowing over. One particular mule—the meanest brute that ever wore long ears—too stubborn to run, stood kicking throughout the storm, which lasted about twenty minutes. We were about a mile away from the nearest point of shelter—a village of rough clapboard houses, which had been run up in a day or so with the first talk of building a road. So, after the storm, for this village we started. Wet to the skin we waded across the intervening plain, many places over shoes in ice and water, and to add to our misery it kept getting colder and colder as we splashed through the water and ice. Arriving at the only hotel in the town we found the usual Western hospitality. To our demand for a fire by which to dry our clothing the landlord replied that we should have one just as soon as he could hunt up the neccessary fuel. In the course of an hour the fire was started and around it we clustered, turning a dozen pairs of shoeless feet up to the warmth, and by alternating "fore and aft," drying the outside and wetting inside, we finally succeeded in restoring circulation.

A heavy rain now set in, and how it can rain out here on the prairies! Our landlord and his son stood in the hall sweeping back the water as it flooded in under the door—a practical illustration of King Canute and the flood and about as successful. Bed time arrived and a dozen stiff boys, shoeless, coatless as well as less several other articles of attire which need not be mentioned, all of which were left behind to dry by the only fire the hotel offered, marched out through the wet hall climbed a ladder to the loft. Here we wrestled manfully with the bugs till near morning, when it began blowing such a terrific gale that a dozen fellows came to a sitting posture to debate the question of hunting the cellar. One of the regular boarders awakened by the din settled this question by calling out: "You infernal fools; there's not a cellar in town; lay down and sleep; it's better to be on top than under any day." We lay down.

In the morning our landlord brought up our shoes, clothes, etc., in a bushel basket and emptied them out on the floor to be scrambled for. On going out the worst scene of devastation it has ever been the lot of the writer to see met his eye. The day before large fields of grain, ripe for the sickle, could be seen, stretching away in all directions, of which not a stalk remained standing; garden growth of all kinds utterly destroyed; hardly a pane of glass was left in the village; the foliage of the trees was so cut and mangled that the limbs looked bare as in winter time. A belt eight miles in width and twice as many in length was entirely cleared of vegetation.

TRIPLET MAXIMS.

Three things to do—think, live, act.
Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness and wisdom.
Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.
Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
Three things to teach—truth, industry and contentment.
Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.
Three things to like—cordiality, goodness and cheerfulness.
Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
Three things to wish for—health, friends and a contented spirit.
Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends and good humor.

SIXTY FEET UNDER THE SEA.

"I was once a diver—not a wrecker, but a pearl diver—and hard business it was," recently observed the captain of a Spanish brig to a reporter of the California *Times*. 'We worked off the Mexican and Panama coasts, principally on the pacific side. Sometimes we worked alone, but generally on shares, and sometimes for pay. We went to the grounds in small sailing vessels, then we took the small boats and covered as much ground as possible. Each man had a basket, a weight and a knife. For sharks? yes, but it is a poor defence, for it is almost impossible to swing the arm with any force under water. The best weapon is a short spear. When you reach the ground you strip, put your feet on a big sinker, take the basket that has a rope for hoisting, drop over, and soon find yourself at the bottom.

"Then your business is to knock off as many oysters as you can and pile them into the basket before you loose your wind. It is a terrible strain, but I could stand it in those days for six minutes, and I have known some men who could stay down ten; but it is sure death in the long run. If the ground is well stocked you can get twenty or more shells, but it is all. When the basket is full it is hauled up, and after you come up for your wind down you go again, being hauled up with a small cord for that purpose. It was on one of these trips that I ran afoul of the animal that gave me a lasting fight. You will smile when I say it was only a star fish, but that it really was. I went down sixty feet with a rush, and landing on the edge of a big bunch of coral, swung off into a kind of basin. The basket was ahead of me, and as I swung off to reach the bottom something seemed to spring up all around me, and I was in the arms of some kind of a monster that coiled about my body, arms and legs. I tried to scream, forgetting that I was in the water, and lost my wind.

"It was just as if the plant had sprouted under me and threw its vines and tendrils about me. There were thousands of them, coiling and writhing, and I thought I had landed in nest of sea snakes. I gave the signal as soon as I could, and made a break upward, part of the creature cling ing to me, while the rest, I could see, was dropping to pieces. They hauled me into the boat when I reached the surface, and pulled the main part of the animal from me. It was oval, about three feet across, and the five arms seemed to divide into thousands of others. I probably landed on top of that one, which at this time was the largest I had ever seen. I afterward saw the body of one that was washed ashore on the isthmus that must have had a spread of thirty-five feet. Their power of grasping is considerable, but touch them in a certain way and they throw off their arms in a regular shower, and are soon reduced to an oval body."

Murderer Loomis' Dying Testimony.

Rum lies at the foundation of all my sorrows. It found me a motherless boy, with no one to influence me to discard its use. I followed on, and before I was aware of it it held me like a slave. The more I used, the tighter were the chains reyited about me until now I find myself about to be hanged on account of what it has done for me. I hereby warn everybody, both those who sell it or in anywise uphold its use. Let my fate be a warning to the young and old, that the safest way is to touch not, nor taste the cup that has robbed me of *home, friends* and *life*.

HUMOROUS.

HE HAD SOME FUN.—About 8 o'clock yesterday morning a man, smoking plug tobacco in an old clay pipe, walked out of a Michigan avenue hotel with a rat in a trap. He looked neither to the right nor to the left until he had reached the middle of the street. Then he placed the trap on the ground and whistled for his dog. If he had a dog the animal did not respond, but the public did. In less than two minutes 30 men were rushing to the spot.

"Hi! there! Don't let him out till I get my dog," shouted one.

"Hold on! Wait for the dogs," yelled half a dozen voices at once.

"Keep cool and form a circle!" commanded a policeman, as he took a firmer grip of his baton.

The man with the trap spread a large handkerchief over it and waited. He was not a bit excited. On the contrary, he was as placid as a chip sailing in the wash dish.

"Whar' did ye ketch him?" inquired a newsboy.

The placid man did not deign to reply.

"What'll ye take fur him?" asked another, but his inquiry was treated with the same silent contempt.

Then four or five men came running up with dogs under their arms, and ten or fifteen dogs on foot followed behind. There was a fight between a bull dog and a Newfoundland, and there would have been a row between their owners had not a second policeman appeared. Order was finally restored. The dogs were arranged in a circle and held by their collars, and the placid man slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, looked carefully around, and then raised the trap and shook the rat out. All the dogs made a rush, but in ten seconds each and every canine walked off on his ear and seemed to be hurt in his feelings. A boy stepped forward and held the rat up to view.

"It's a crockery rat!" he yelled as he whirled it around.

"Yes, it vhas a groghery radt, and he cost me den cents!" calmly replied the placid man as he walked off with his trap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HEROIC MR. SPILKINS WISHING TO EARN A PENNY BY SAVING IT HE SHOVELS THE SNOW FROM HIS PAVE.—"No," said Spilkins to the small boy who rang his door bell asking if he wanted his sidewalk shoveled off, and who offered to do the job for a quarter. Spilkins had just been reading a book in which a lot of pernicious aphorisms about the desirability of economy were set down, such as "A penny saved is a penny earned," "A groat a day is a pound a year," etc.; therefore he said to himself, "I will save the quarter that the job of cleaning my sidewalk would cost, and do the work myself. Besides the exercise will be good for me." He told Mrs. S. of his resolution, and she, like all true wives in these cases, told him that he was a fool to think of such a thing, and that to do the work himself would be ten times what it is worth. But Spilkins has a mind of his own, and he put on his rubber boots and mummified himself by means of a long ulster, a comforter and a fur cap, and went out to his self-selected labors. As he emerged from his door he struck a piece of ice on the top step and went into the street flying and got a lot of snow up his sleaves and trousers legs and down the back of his neck; however, a little profanity relieved his mind in this respect and he fell to work.

The job was harder than he anticipated, but he stuck to it, and at last went into the house again, bathed in perspiration and triumph. But on sitting down to smoke, as was his custom after anything particular, he found that in his fall down the steps he had ground to snuff three twenty-five-cent cigars which he had in his pocket and the next morning woke up with an influenza which has given him the aspect of the weeping philosopher and the temper of a bear ever since. He therefore says that economy is a fraud and has thrown his book of maxims into the fire.

A boy with a patch on his knee can't be hired to go on an errand to the next house, but he will follow a band wagon all over town and never realize that he isn't dressed in broadcloth.

According to the New York Express, it is the boy on top of the molasses hogshead who sings: "Oh for a thousand tongues."

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY, 10., 1884.

BY DEININGER & BUMILLER.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Revs. B. Hengst and H. A. Benfer, Preach's

Protracted meeting in progress.

Sunday School, 1½P.M.—D. L. ZERBY, Supt,

Missionary Society meets on the third Monday evening of each month.

Methodist.

Rev. Furman Adams Preacher-in-charge.

Regular services next Sunday evening.

Sunday School at 10¼ A.M.—D. A. Musser, Sup't.

Reformed.

Rev. Zwingli A. Yearick, Pastor.

Mite society meets regularly on the first Tuesday evening of each month.

United Brethren.

Rev. J. G. W. Herald, Preacher-in-charge.

Sunday School, 9 A.M.—A. R. Alexander, Supt.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Services on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Saturday afternoon preparatory services. Sunday morning communion services. Saturday and Sunday evening services. Sabbath afternoon at 2¾ at Aarousburg, German.

Sunday School at 9 A.M. B. O. Deininger, Supt. The Augsburg Bible Class meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Ladies' Mite Society meets on the first Monday evening of each month.

Presbyterian.

Rev. W. K. Foster, Pastor.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening.

Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.

C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. E. W. MAUCK, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½, P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.

D. L. ZERBY, Sec. T. G. ERHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.

A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.

J. H. B. HARTMAN, Sec. SAM. WEISER, JR, Pres.

THE NEW YEAR is a good time to consider the generally overlooked claims of the local newspaper. It is the most useful and the least compensated and appreciated of all agencies which stamp the impress of progress upon villages and inland cities. Without the local newspaper local towns are, as a rule, thriftless and tend to decay.

It is common for small great men to speak with contempt of the local newspaper. In that they imitate greater men in speaking of greater journals which offend by manly criticism; but the village newspaper makes more great men out of lose material—more bricks without straw—than any other factor in politics, and it is the one ladder on which men climb to local distinction as the beginning of wider fame.

The journals of Pennsylvania have progressed in typographical elegance, in editorial power and in freshness and completeness of local and general news even more than the city journals during the last score of years. Every inland city in the State has its daily paper or papers now, and many of them surpass the Philadelphia journals of a generation ago in all the attributes of a newspaper, while the local weeklies have kept fully abreast with the general progress of journalism.

Local weeklies have now extended from the country towns into most of the thrifty villages, and the advent of the local newspaper has always dated the increased thrift of the community. The local newspaper is the life of its locality, and the measure of its support, as a rule, measures the advancement of the people. Begin the new year by not only subscribing but paying for your local newspapers. They are the friends and helpmates of all seasons.—*Times.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7th, 1884.

The usual New Year's parade at the White house brought to a close the dullest holiday season Washington has experienced in many years. Just why it has been so phenomenally dull is not easily explained, but the fact remains. It is needless again to describe the New Year's receptions and scenes at the Capital, for they have been worn threadbare, as a topic, these many years. It is the same old thing over and over again; a rush of people to see and be seen; a display of fine toilets; the formal exchange of compliments, with a lot of flummery thrown in. There is music and flowers, military epaulets, naval uniforms, and the gaudy, as well as strange costumes of the representatives of foreign lands, who come in court dress to make their salaams to the American chief magistrate. After natural curiosity has been gratified by witnessing it once, the whole performance ever after becomes a bore to all but those who are fond of dress parade, or of mixing with official humbug just because it is official.

All the signs point to every active work in congress from the start, and to an end of the present session much erlier than the long sessions usually closes. Mr. Randall has already got his Appropriations Committee at work and, though his object is said to be partly to head off Mr. Morrison and the Ways and Means Committee, it is expected that the appropriation bills will, as a result, be advanced with unprecedented rapidity. When the appropriations are out of the way Congress is generally ready to adjourn, but still Ido not think there will be any adjournment this year until some definite action on the tariff question has been taken. "Where McGregor sits is the head of the table," is an apt saying which exactly fits the placing of Mr. S. S. Cox on the list of House committees. So, while no one doubts that by length of service and preeminent attainments Mr. Cox, if he desired it, was entitled to the chairmanship of the Committee on foreign Affairs, yet there is reason to feel gratified that the duty of looking after the interests of our decaying navy should have fallen into such capable hands. Though the Naval Affairs may nominally be the inferior committee, there is no question that at the present time it is vastly the more important one. The herculean task of rebuilding the navy has just begun, and there is nothing to prevent liberal appropriations for the purpose except the fear of the jobbery which seems to have fastened itself so firmly upon every Republican administration. Mr. Secretary "Bill" Chandler has taken occasion to express himself highly pleased with the appointment of Mr. Cox, which is the strongest reason the latter could have for not wishing to serve. Mr. Chandler is very effusive on the subject of new vessels. He is not a shipbuilder himself, but he happens to be intimately acquainted with a man who is—Mr. John Roach, whose attorney he has always been. There is even talk of an investigation into Mr. Chandler's methods, in order to find out why Roach got all the contracts awarded under the appropriations of last year.

PHONO.

Miscellaneous.

Pittsburg is to have a two million dollar court house.

A Snyder county hunter captured, up-to December 13, the following list of 'varmnits:' 25 coons, 12 weather clerks, (ground hogs), 80 squirrels, 18 skunks, 25 rabits, 1 fox and 1 'possum.

New Regulations on Pennsylvania R. R.

Another liberal departure was made on January 1st by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in striking out the restriction as to age from the rules governing the issue of school tickets. Heretofore the sale of such commutation tickets was limited to pupils of educational insitutions under eighteen years of age. This having been abolished students, without regard of age, attending elementary, scientific or art schools, will be entitled to purchase these tickets. This is as it should be, and there is little doubt but that the advantage will be so well appreciated by residents along the line that the including of students over eighteen will really result in an increased revenue by virtue of the increase of travel stimulated by the reduced rate.

A GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.

A Heavy Fall of Snow Blockading Railroads in All Directions.

ST. LOUIS, January 1.

A heavy snow-storm, accompanied by high wind, prevailed here all this afternoon, and to-night the temperature fell below the freezing point and the snow is drifting a great deal. Dispatches from the different parts of Missouri and Kansas state that there has been a heavy fall of snow and a low temperature, the mercury in some places nearly reached zero, and a high wind, drifting the snow, causing an obstruction to the railroads in some localities. The snow is said to extend to the Rocky Mountains. The snow has also fallen in Central and some portions of Southern Illinois.

CHICAGO, January 1.—Fine drifting snow has been falling here all day, delaying trains in all directions. At 10 o'clock to-night the storm continues with unabated violence. Advices from points in Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois are to the same general effect and indicate that the snowfall is widespread.

KANSAS CITY, January 1.—A general snow-storm prevailed in this section last night and to-day and the ground here is now covered to a depth of four inches. The weather to-night is clear. Overland trains are several hours behind time.

A CONVENT BURNED.

Twenty-seven Persons, Including Teachers, Sisters of Charity and Children Burned to Death.

BELLEVILLE, Ill, Jan. 6. —The St. Joseph Roman Catholic convent was burned to the ground early this morning. Five nuns jumped from the fifth story window. One of them was killed and the others are likely to die.

In the convent there were sixty pupils, all girls, from ten years to adult age, several teachers and a number of other inmates. The fire is said to have started in the rear on the third story which is used as a dormitory. An attempt was made by the sisters to extinguish the flames, but this failing, efforts were made to save the pupils. The fire spread so rapidly that order could not be preserved and a panic seized both the children and sisters, all making a wild and confused rush to escape. Forty or more pupils are known to have got out or were taken from the building and given shelter in neighboring houses, but several in their fright jumped from windows and were either killed or badly injured.

The loss of life is much greater than estimated last night. Instead of two, as at first supposed, the total known deaths is 27—22 pupils and 5 sisters. Among the latter is the Sister Surperior.

The bodies could only be indentified by portions of their clothing which had escaped the flames. All that now remains of the famous Convent of the Immaculate Conception are the charred and broken walls. The bodies of several of the unfortunate victims are yet in the debris. The building and its contents were valued at from $75,000; insurance, $25,000.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jonathan Kreamer, late of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, to present them duly proven for settlement.

A. F. KREAMER,
J. H. KREAMER,
Executors.

Millheim, Jan. 10th 1884.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Henry J. Musser, late of Haines towship, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly proven for settlement.

J. L. KREAMER,
2-6t Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Orndorf, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly proven for settlement.

BENJAMIN ORNDORF,
JOHN J. ORNDORF,
1-6t Administrators.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Nathan Korman, late of Penn township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly proven for settlement

ANNIE KORMAN,
49-6t. Administratrix.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Miles township, about the 1st of August last, two stray heifers, each about ten months old. The one is of a light red color, white at the head and has a small piece cut out of the right ear; the other is roan colored, red head and a small piece cut out of right ear. The owner is requested to pay expenses and take them away, otherwise they will be sold as the law directs.

GEO. W. GEISWITE.

Nov. 8th, 1883 3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of George Bollinger, late of Haines township, Centre Co., Pa., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, to present them duly proven for settlement.

H. A. MINGLE,
Aaronsburg, Dec. 6th, 1883. Executor.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of Sundry Writs of Fiera Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed will be exposed to public sale in the COURT HOUSE, in the Borough of BELLEFONTE, ON SATURDAY, JAN. 26th, 1884, the following property to wit;

No. All the messuage tenement and lot of land situate in Unionville Boro, and known as lots numbered three and four in Wm. P. Fisher extension of Said Boro as recorded in miscelaneous Book B. Page, 434 in the office for recording of deeds &c., in Centre Co. Said lots being bounded and described as follows, beginning at a post on the North side of Alleghany street thence an alley north 28° West 168 feet to High street thence along said street 126 feet to an alley thence along said alley South 28° East 168 feet to Alleghany street thence along said street 126 feet to place of beginning being the same tract which Wm. P. Fisher and Esther his wife by their deed dated 7th of May, A. D. 1880 and recorded in deed Book H, "No 2" page 272 granted and conveyed into the said J. W. VanValin party hereto.

Seized tak en into execution and to be sold as the property of E. W. VanValin executor of J. W. VanValin deceased.

No 2. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the Boro, of Millheim Centre Co. Pa. bounded and described as follows. On the West by turn pike North by on alley East by same South by the same containing one acro more or less, thereon erected a one and a half story frame house, stable and other out buildings.

ALSO

All that certain tract of timber land situate in Penn Twp Centre Co. Pa., bounded and described as follows, on the West by lands of E. C. Campell on the south by lands of John Kern on the East by lands of H. Weiser on the North by lands of H. Bollin ter and others containing eleven acres more or less. No buildings.

Seized taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Uriah Reifsnyder.

No. 3.

All the defendant's right, title, and interest in and to a certain lot or piece of ground situate in the township of Potter, County of Centre and State of Penna, bounded and described as follows: On the North and East by lands of James A. Keller, on the south by a public road, on the west by a public road, containing one acre, more or less, thereon erected a small dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George W. Koch.

No. 4.

All that messuage, tenement, and tract of land situate in Marion township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the North by land of Robert Henderson, on the East by land of Thomas Lewis, on the South by land of David Harter, on the west by land of Andrew Harter, (being all that portion now owned by Elias Zimmerman, the other portion having been sold to Sam'l Henderson, by deed dated the first day of November, 1877, and recorded in Deed Book "M" No. 2, page 637, in the office for the regording of Deeds in Centre county, reference being had will more fully and at large appear), containing 156 acres, more or less, all cleared.

ALSO

All that certain lot and piece of ground situated in Boggs township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by public road, leading from Milesburg to Curtin's works, on the north side of Bald Eagle Creek, on the east by lands of Mrs. Margaret Gregg, on the south by the Bald Eagle Creek, and on the west by public road, leading from Milesburg to Marsh Creek, containing six acres more or less, and being the same premises which James A. Beaver and Mary A., his wife, by deed dated the 24 day of June, 1875, and recorded in Deed Book "K" No. 2, page 494, granted and conveyed to the said Elias Zimmerman, aforesaid. Save and except certain lots owned by J. M. Wagner, Jonathan Bullock, Telfer, Wm. Poorman, Widow Poorman and Shroyer's heirs, thereon erected a good dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Elias Zimmerman.

TERMS:—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

T. J. DUNKEL,
Sheriff's Office, Jan. 5th, 1884. Sheriff.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.—In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 29th day of March, A. D. 1824, the Commissioners of Centre County will sell at public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, A. D. 1884, the following described tracts of land purchased by the County at Treasurer's sale, and which have remained unredeemed for the space of five years and upwards.

A. J. GRIEST,
H. C. CAMPBELL,
JOHN WOLF,
Commissioners.

ACRES.	PER.	WARRANTEE NAMES.	TOWNSHIP.
400.....		D Carscadden	Boggs
120.....		John M Hall	Benner
100.....		James Bartram	do
100.....	40	J D Shugart	do
433.....	151	Charles Hall	Burnside
433.....		Jos G Wallace	do
433.....		William Bell	do
392.....	80	Robert Irvin	Curtin
209.....	19	N L Atwood	do
415.....		Joseph Taylor	do
448.....	99	Andrew Epple	do
294.....	31	Martha Godfrey	do
100.....		Joseph Kelso	do
439.....	139	N L Atwood	do
200.....		John Palmer	do
376.....		Samuel Bair	do
304.....	4	Job W Packer	do
152.....	93	J W Packer	do
320.....		Jonathan Miles	do
400.....		J Z Long	do
400.....		J Z Long	do
42.....		Samuel Hall	do
204.....		Charles Bruce	do
300.....		N L Atwood	do
433.....		Thos McEwen	do
415.....		Jesse Brooks	do
415.....		Jesse Brooks	do
100.....		James Oliver	Ferguson
50.....		Richard Mosley	do
70.....		Richard Mosley	do
50.....		Isaac Buckley	do
93.....		Margaret Dougherty	Gregg
220.....		Alex McDonald	do
178.....	127	Andrew Carson	do
122.....	31	Wm Hepburn	do
50.....		John Irvin	Harris
50.....		John Irvin	do
400.....		Wm Brown	do
400.....		Robert Patterson	do
400.....		Robert Patterson	do
400.....		James Read	do
329.....		Henry Antes	Haines
320.....		Peter Kreamer	do
372.....		John Mackey	do
54.....		Isaac Shearer	Halfmoon
421.....	43	John Bing	do
63.....	80	Isaac shearer	do
58.....	12	Ira Fisher	do
67.....	70	Isaac Shearer	do
40.....		Peggy Shearer	do
231.....		Moore	Huston
102.....		Williams	do
200.....	11	Wm Chancellor	do
215.....		Martha Godfrey	Howard
70.....		White & Nestlerode	do
104.....		John Brady	do
87.....		James T Hale	do
242.....	97	James Harris	do
50.....		Joseph Greysburg	do
217.....		Sarah Bonham	do
154.....		Joseph Green	do
25.....		Joseph Graysburg	do
25.....		Joseph Graysburg	do
119.....	15	C B Wealsh	do
50.....		A D Harris	do
130.....		J J Lingle	do
80.....		Henry Antes	do
50.....		White & Nestlerode	do
217.....		Sarah Bonham	do
415.....		Martha Godfrey	do
25.....		Joseph Baker	do
98.....		John Potter	Liberty
40.....		Longbottom	do
¼ of 200		Christian Nestlerode	do
200.....		Daniel Krouse	do
250.....		John Jackson	do
80.....		Robert Smith	do
100.....		Job W Packer	do
30.....		Thomas King	do
400.....		Matthew Leach	do
20.....		Thomas King	do
50.....		D Carscadden	do
80.....		Wm Cennett	do
50.....		Thomas King	do
198.....	32	Wm Scott	do
40.....		Matthew Leach	do
20.....		Thomas Lucas	Marion
¼ of 199		Paul Zantzinger	do
36.....		J J Lingle	do
400.....		McCoy & Linn	do
150.....	2	Johnathan Wolf	Miles
196.....	42	S Gratz	do
195.....	1	S Gratz	do
123.....	47	S Gratz	do
170.....		Jonathan Wolf	do
250.....		Jere Jackson	do
110.....		Hepburn & Harris	do
130.....	125	Simon Gratz	do
100.....		Wm Brady	do
195.....	111	S Gratz	do
400.....		Jos Cowgell	Potter
400.....		Daniel Smith	do
100.....		Sam'l Young	do
26.....		A Hunter	do
42.....		James Moore	do
400.....		Wm Harrison	do
400.....		Joseph Cowgell	do
400.....		James Forbes	do
10.....		Wm Cook	Penn
100.....		Wm Cook	do
433.....	153	Isaac Butcher	Rush
216.....	156	Thomas Grant	do
216.....	153	Thomas Hamilton	do
433.....	153	Richard Lowden	do
433.....	153	Dan'l Fitzgerald	do
433.....	153	James Tower	do
433.....	153	Isaac Butcher	do
433.....	153	Jacob Wetzer	do
433.....	123	James Turner	do
334.....		Thomas Grant	do
433.....	153	Jos Welch	do
433.....	153	Hannah Turner	do
276.....		White & Parsons	do
390.....	116	Ann Arthur	do
394.....	117	Thomas Arthurs	do
156.....		John Brachbill	do
418.....		Casper Lawrence	do
104.....		Jos Bowman	do
126.....		Jane Miller	do
74.....		H Witmer	do
433.....	153	Robert Miller	do
¼ of 434		Thomas Grant	do
¼ of 434		Thomas Grant	do
75.....		Wm Wilson	do
433.....	153	Kearney Wharton	do
300.....		Mathias Graff	do
433.....	153	Henry Pinkerton	do
433.....	153	David Lewis	do
439.....	153	Richard Malone	do
433.....	153	Bennett Lucas	do
433.....	153	Reuben Haines, jr	do
433.....	153	Jos J Wallace	do
368.....		Samuel Chestnut	do
433.....	153	Richard Malone	do
300.....		Thomas Erskine	do
433.....	153	Eleanor Siddons	do
300.....		John Carpenhaver	do
216.....		Charles Lucas	do
216.....		Robert Rainey	do
433.....	153	John McCormmann	do
433.....	153	Eleanor Siddons	do
433.....	153	Daniel Turner	do
400.....		John Copenhaver	do
196.....		Henry Vandyke	do
381.....		Andrew Allison	do
406.....		Barbara Snyder	do
100.....		Robert King	do
433.....	153	John Hopking	do
270.....		Hugh McEntire	do
433.....	153	A Reighard	do
50.....		Robert King	do
338.....	153	Isaac Butcher	do
216.....	18	Hugh Hamilton	do
433.....	163	Jacob Slouch	do
433.....	153	John Spear	do
300.....		J Z Long	Snow Shoe
215.....		Richard Wain	do
162.....		Richard Jones	do
300.....		Joseph Devling	do
200.....		J Z Long	do
300.....		Joseph Devling	do
¼ of 433		J P Norris	do
433.....		Mary M Wharton	do
413.....		D Carscadden	do
412.....		D Carscadden	do
287.....		D Carscadden	do
189.....	28	Wm P Mitchell	do
415.....		Richard Waln	do
433.....	153	Andrew Bayard	do
300.....		Lewis Lewis	do
450.....		Sarah McClanahan	do
433.....	153	Margaret Spear	do
400.....		Alex Martin	do
433.....		Geo Parker	do
200.....		John Liggett	do
433.....	163	Kearney Wharton	do
400.....		Alexander Martin	do
400.....		Lewis Lewis	do
216.....		Robert Rainey	do
328.....		William Banks	do
409.....		David Williams	do
325.....		William Banks	do
433.....		Joseph Norton	do
400.....		David Williams	do
270.....		Henry Tool	Spring
419.....		John Johnston	do
433.....	153	Joshua Williams	Taylor
199.....		Daniel Beck	do
58.....		John Beightol	do
176.....		Moses Coats	do
324.....		John Lamb	do
80.....		Jacob Beck	do
90.....		C VanPool	do
216.....	156	Polly McEwen	do
300.....		Abner Webb	do
391.....		Jos Downing	do
48.....		Jas Fox	do
200.....	22	John Lamb	do
80.....		D Beck	do
433.....		Richard Malone	do
434.....		Polly Williams	do
101.....		Thomas McEwen	do
42.....		Thomas Wallace	do
80.....		Jacob Beck	do
250.....		Marian Morris	do
433.....	153	Mary Smith	do
100.....		John Copenhaver	do
300.....		Joseph Welch	do
433.....		Joshua Williams	do
433.....	153	Polly Williams	do
320.....		John Lamb	do
434.....		Polly McEwen	do
424.....		Henry McEwen	do
434.....		Henry McEwen	do
100.....		Samuel Phipps	Union
117.....		Boyce Davis	do
160.....		Jane Blake	do
191.....		Dunwoody & Long	do
200.....		Capt Osman	Walker
169.....	158	William Wister	do
211.....	98	William Gilbert	do
143.....	111	Wm Ackert	do
111.....	42	Mary Dougherty	do
50.....		B Piles & Co	do
94.....	39	Margaret Dougherty	do
436.....		Jeremiah Parker	do
200.....		Richard Parker	do
500.....		Henry McEwen	do
250.....		J B Gray	Worth
433.....	153	James Hawthorn	do
250.....		P B D Gray	do

Selling off At Cost.!

S. R. KAMP,

—Watchmaker & Jeweler,—

MILTON, PA,

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Wacthes,

Plated Chains AND Jewelry,

Ladies' and Gents' Solid Gold Rings.

AT COST,

Until January 1st,

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The public is respectfully invited to call and get the benefit of this rare chance.

A good Elgin Watch in silver case for $8.00.

Rogers Knives, Best Triple Plate, $2 90 p r dozen.

25 PER CENT ON ALL SILVER WARE.

—:o:—

Goods sent to responsible parties to select from. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. All kinds of repairing promptly done. Goods to be repaired can be sent by mail and will be returned in the shortest possible time.

All kinds of Gold and Hair Jewelry made to order.

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—ALL KINDS OF—

PLANING MILL WORK

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LOCK HAVEN, PA.

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Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

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Very Best Muslins at 8 cts.
Canton Flannels, worth 15 cts. for 10 cts.
Good Canton Flannel for 6 cts.
Heavy Feather Ticking for 12½ cts.
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Black and Colored Cashmeres are fully 25 per cent. lower than regular prices.
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MISSES AND CHILDREN.

Ladies' and Misses' Ready-Made Coats and Dolmans in latest Styles.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, DRESS TRIMMINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND CORSETS, GERMANTOWN, ZEPHYR AND SAXONY WOOLS, AND AN ENDLESS LINE OF

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS—ALL—AT—OUR—USUAL LOW PRICES.

224 MARKET STREET, LEWISBURG

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY, 10., 1884.

BY DEININGER & BUMILLER.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

READ THIS.—Grand opening of a fine line of Holiday Goods at J. Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Millheim, on and after December 13th, where will always be found a full line of pure Drugs, Chemicals, and all the standard Patent Medicines of merit, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest, for cash. Come, see, and be convinced. 4t

—Lancaster Almanacs at the Journal Store, 5cts.

—A two-horse bob-sled with box for sale. Inquire at this office.

—Please bring us some wood next week on your subscription accounts.

—Everybody buys the beautiful gilt edged paper and Envelopes to match at the new Journal Store.

—Mrs. David Ulrich's state of health is very bad and her physician considers her recovery improbable.

—The finest Luther Portrait in chromo imported from Europe, for ssle at the Journal Store on Penn Street.

—Sheriff Dunkle publisheso ne of his unpleasant proclamations in this issue of the JOURNAL—the Sheriff's sales.

—As we go to press it is still snowing and the ground already covered with snow a foot deep.

—Miss Emma Springer, of New Berlin, a daughter of our townsman, W. J. Springer, is here on a visit to her father.

—A *New* Jasper parlor stove, having the "Duplex" grate and durable heater with russian pipes, complete, for sale. Inquire at this office.

—For fine Monuments and Headstones the Millheim Marble Works is the leading and best place in the county. tf

—Probably you need new Blank Books to begin new accounts with the new year. The new Journal Store is just the place to get them.

—Geo. W. Brown, executor will sell a valuable small home above Madisonburg at public sale, Jan. 23. 1884. See bills.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Spigelmyer took a trip to Mifflinburg this week to attend the wedding of Mr. Spigelmyer's sister at that place.

—Wishing to "close out" my stock of musical instruments I offer organs at greatly reduced prices. Call and buy cheap of C. F. Gephart. Millheim Pa.

—Mr. Phil. D. Stover, a former proprietor of this office, was among our callers last week. Always glad to shake hands with a brother printer. Call again.

—The new Journal Store on Penn Street is Headquarters for Books, Stationery, Fancy goods and Notions. Don't forget it and give us a call.

—We see by the *Reporter* that Centre Hall is to have a musical convention under the directorship of Dr. W. O. Perkins of New York City, beginning Tuesday, Jan, 29th, 1884.

—Messrs. A. F. Kreamer and J. H. Kreamer are the executors of the estate of Jonathan Kreamer deceased. They publish their notice in another column. Read it.

—Mr. T. G. Erhard, of Haines township, will make sale of his live stock and farming implements on Tuesday, Feb. 12th, and expects to go west early in the Spring.

—Mr. J. Willis Musser has bought out the stage route from Woodward to Millheim, but also goes to Coburn every morning. He carries express and other goods from all points along the line at very moderate charges, and continues the calf and poultry business. tf

—A meeting of the "Pennsylvania Editorial Association" will be held in the Lochiel Hotel, Harrisburg.

By order of

W. U. HENSEL, *President.*

R. S. MENAMIN, *Sec'y and Treas.*

—Mr. W. J. Springer sold the house on Main street, which he had bought some time ago at the executor's sale of John Keen's estate, to H. H. Weiser, last week.

—W. W. Neese, residing about 2½ miles west of Coburn, advertises some of his live stock and farming implements at public sale on Wednesday Feb. 6th. See Bills.

—There is a rumor of a musical convention to be held in this town in the near future. Let it come, this is the season for conventions, and we ought to keep up with our neighboring towns.

—Benjamin and John J. Orndorf, administrators of John Orndorf's estate, will sell at public sale on Saturday, Jan. 19th, on the premises of decedent in Haines township a lot of household goods.

TAKE NOTICE.—Mr. H. K. Luse hereby respectfully informs the public that he has a large lot of seed potatoes known as the "White Elephant Potato" for sale at his residence at Millheim. We are in possession of a basket full of these potatoes and can give them a warm recommendation as the best yielding potatoe in the market. If you are in need of any seed potatoes do not fail to call on him. tf

—The *Lewisburg Saturday News* has been enlarged to a ten column paper and is still well filled with local news. It is one of the finest looking and spiciest exchanges on our table. Success to you, brother Focht.

—On the 26th ult., Thompson's Woolen Factory at Milroy, was destroyed by fire. This was the principal industrial establishment of that village, and it will be greatly felt in the locality. Loss, about $15,000.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

—Read the advertisement of the Pennsylvania State College in another column. This is one of the best institutions of the kind in the state and can not fail to be successful under the able superintendency of Prof. Geo. W. Atherton, President.

—Some of our pedestrians prefer the pike to the slippery sidewalks Well, we don't blame them. It's not a pleasant sensation to be left down to a low position in an unexpected way and hard enough to knock all the good will out of a man.

—Our ice houses are being filled rapidly. Some say the ice is good, others condemn it and say it is too slushy, too soft, &c. But then some folks are harder to please than others. Be satisfied and consider that it is better than none at all.

—Landlord Musser has no rest as long as there is any room for improvement in his hotel. He adorned his bar room the other day by two revolving pyramids on which he keeps his best wines and liquors displayed in a tasty style. He runs about the best equipped public house this side of Bellefonte.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We call the attention of our readers who may be in want of engineer's, architectural and carpenter work, to the fact that Mr. John Kerstetter, Jr., of Millneim is master of these trades and is in possession of the best recommendations to this effect. Give him a trial by all means. i-4t

—Our weather prophets who predicted an open winter have hit the nail on the head. On Monday morning mercury was *open* all the way down to six degrees below zero, at some places in town at nine degrees, while at Madisonburg the thermometer indicated twelve below.

—Mrs. Rebecca Musser and her daughter, Mrs. John Toner, accompanied by other ladies, with whom we are not acquainted honored the JOURNAL office by a call last week. They looked at our printing machines and were especially pleased with our new power press. Call again ladies, you are always welcome.

—The semi-annual election of officers of the U. B. Sunday school of Millheim was held last Sunday, Jan. 6th, with the following result: *Superintendent*, Rev. J. G. W. Herald; *Assistant Superintendent*, F. D. Luse; *Secretary*, G. W. Harter; *Librarians*, Miss Carrie Lyter and Wm. Miller; *Treasurer*, Miss Mary Straw.

—The other evening a screech ow was shot in the middle of town at W. S. Musser's hotel by Mr. E. I. Musser. For several evenings the owl had attempted to get at the Canary bird hanging in Mr. Musser's bar-room window, even breaking the glass in its strong desire for prey. No more prey.

—Mr. Wm. T. Auman was awarded a fine large cake at the Evangelical festival at Madisonburg, on New Year's evening, for reciting a piece called, "I'll be better in the morning." Mr. Auman possesses some fine elocutionary powers and has the faculty to please and delight an audience. Naturally he feels himself highly honored by this mark of respect.

—We received a circular announcing the fourth annual convention of the Selinsgrove Musical association to be held in the Town Hall at Selinsgrove, Pa., commencing Monday evening, January 14th, 1884 and winding up with three concerts on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings following. The convention will be conducted by Dr. W. O. Perkins of New York City, assisted by eminent artists from distant cities.

—Saturday was a lively day again for Millheim. Lots of business and a little more whiskey than necessary. It kept some fellows busy to keep the road and if it had not been for barber Springer J. Eisenhuth's office might have become a sad picture of destruction. But *Jake's* soldier blood was aroused and he handled the case before him with remarkable ease and dexterity, thereby greatly assisting the squire to restore order. Of course the spectators were plenty and the excitement ran high for awhile.

—The extension of our railroad from Spring Mills to Bellefonte is now a settled matter, the Penna. R. R Company having rescinded the $25.000 demand and passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That if the committee of citizens of Pennsvalley will secure to the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company the settlements of the right of way from Spring Mills to Lemont and such reasonable grounds for station purposes at points where stations would be required, taking stock of the said Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company in payment; therefore, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will advance to the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company the amount necessary, being about $145,000, to complete their road between the points named.

—Orders for sale bills are rolling in lively at this office. But there is still enough time, paper and ink left to fill as many more orders. Come and have your bills printed at the JOURNAL office on Penn Street and make sure of a good job.

—Our old friend and neighbor, Hon. John Smith departed this life at his home in Penn township, Monday the 7th instant. Mr. Smith came to Penns Valley many years ago, with his brothers Robert, Francis and Joseph, and settled at his present place of residence.

All his brothers and one sister, Mrs. John Straw, preceded him into eternity. John was the youngest, as far as we know. He was a man of untiring industry, both as regards his chosen business, that of a mason as well as in the improvement of his leisure hours in the pursuit of knowledge.

In 1856 Mr. Smith was nominated and elected by his fellow Democrats to the legislature, and served one session with much credit and honor to himself. He left Harrisburg without a stain upon his character, and continued to hold the confidence of the community to the day of his death.

Funeral takes place to-day. Interment in the Reformed cemetery Aaronsburg.

A WARNING FOR BOYS—On Saturday last Rev. Benj. Hengst of this place came well-nigh having a serious accident through the carelessness of some boys. He was on his road to George's Valley church to fill his appointment there and passing around a curve in the road this side of Penn Hall his horse was scared by the sleds of boys who came down the hill at a lively rate, using the fence at the roadside as their short stop. The frightened animal made a jamp, upset the sleigh, spilled the Rev gentleman headforemost down over the bank and then took a run through Penn Hall. He was caught by the workmen of J. C, Condo's blacksmith shop and taken care of until Mr. Hengst came up from the place of the accident, fortunately not seriously injured. Boys ought not to be allowed to coast at places, where they may endanger the lives of travelers.

—The Zwingli Memoral Services in the M. E. Church on Sunday afternoon were very interesting and well attended, notwithstanding the cold weather. The musical and liturgical part of the exercises were well performed, Mrs. Dr. Stam presiding at the organ. Rev. Z. A. Yearick delivered the first address, which was mainly a personal history of the great Swiss Reformer—how Providence led and prepared him for the great work of reforming the church. Rev. N. J. Miller followed in a scholarly address on the real work of Zwingli and his relation to the reformation. Both addresses were highly interesting and received with marked attention. The utter fairness and christian spirit which the speakers manifested towards other branches of the christian church deserve especial praise.

Prof. Wolf had been expected, but was not present' much to the disapointment of many.

—WE COME WITH SONG.—You are invited to attend the Musical Convention, to be held in the town hall at Madisonburg, commencing Monday evening, Jan. 14th, 1884 and closing Saturday evening, following with a Grand Concert of vocal and instrumental music. There will be two sessions each day, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

A large class will participate and will be assisted by talented musicians from Bellefonte, Zion, Rebersburg, Millheim, Jacksonville and Lock Haven.

The convention will be conducted by Prof. G. C. Curns, of Lock Haven, assisted by Miss Annie E. Fiedler of Madisonburg who will preside at the organ.

The Rebersburg Cornet Band will discourse music at the concert.

The proceeds will be applied to the completion of the Lutheran dhurch at Madisonburg. Come and help the cause along. Tickets for the course 50 cents, single session tickets, 10 cts. Concert tickets 25 cts.

SAD DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY.—Chester M. Davis, a little son of William C. Davis, of Philipsburg, formerly of Bellefonte, was killed by the locomotive of a coal train on Friday last, the 28th of December, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The poor little fellow was coasting on his sled and riding with him behind was another little boy by the name of McKinney. The latter threw himself off the sled on seeing the locomotive, but little Chester was too much frightened to do that and could not stop the sled, and so ran right under the engine. His left leg from the knee was crushed all to pieces and his skull broken. There was a cut four inches long on the left side of his head, a cut under his chin and five scars on his face. He would have been run over by the second car had not a boy pulled him out just in time. He was only seven years, 4 months and 15 days old and was a bright and attractive little fellow. After being taken home he lived about an hour. The Davis family visited their relatives in this place the week of November court and little Chester was remembered as being a very interesting and intelligent child. His sad death is a terrible blow to his parents and will excite a thrill of sympathy and regret in every community. The funeral took place on Sunday.—*Democratic Watchman.*

Echoes from Coburn.

Six building lots have been sold within the last week and the same number of buildings are to be put up between this and April 1st, 1884. There are still more lots left to build on.

Coburn is in need of a good shoemaker, a mason, a blacksmith and a good physician.

Quite a number of our young folks think of attending Dr. Perkins' musical convention at Centre Hall, the latter part of January.

The following is a list of clerks employed by the several firms at Coburn: A. Grow of Mifflinburg and Geo. Stoer of Rebersburg in the R. R. station; Sam'l. Ard in Dinges, Vonada & Co's store; John Shreckengast of Lock Haven in Grenninger'ss tore; Andy Campell, agent for P. H. Stover's grain and coal business; Andrew J. Rishel, Geo. Leitzell and Jacob Kerstetter, agents for I. J. Grenble, grain dealer.

SCRIBE.

Chips from Madisonburg.

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh;
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song.
Jingle, jingle, bells so bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white.

Our public schools were closed during the holidays.

The plasterers are busy plastering Mr. John Ocker's new house.

Prof. George Curns, of Lock Haven, is teaching a singing class here and has about forty pupils.

The Acme Literary Society has postponed its meetings until after the musisal convention to be held in this place.

The teachers of our public schools were much surprised and pleased in receiving some beautiful decorations for their school rooms from some of their friends.

The Sunday school entertainment which was held in the Evangelical church on New year's evening was a very pleasant affair. The programme for the evening consisted in Music by the choir, reading of a scripture lesson, a recitation by Mr. W. T. Auman and addresses by Rev. Weidemeyer and Prof. Curns. The distribution of presents than took place and many a heart was made glad by these. All wended their way home with the feeling that it was good to have been there.

The report of our Primary school taught by Mr. W. T. Auman, for the second month ending Dec. 20th is as follows: Number of pupils enrolled—Males 24; Females, 21, Total 45; daily attendance—Males 21, Females 19, Total 40. Avera ge per cent, of attendance—Males 87, Female 90, Total 88. Names of pupilf present every day during the month: Lizzie Hazel, Ada Hockman, Willie Weidemeyer and Herbert Smull. ANON.

A POLAR WAVE.

The Cold Weather in the Northwest and West Yesterday.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—The extreme cold weather yesterday and last night delayed all the trains, and the mails from all parts of the country arrived to-day from three to sixteen hours late. Eleven miles southwest of the stock yards on the Wabash railroad stands a train of twenty cars of famishing and freezing live stock. The train was snowed under on Tuesday night, since which time it is believed the animals have been without food or water. Although several engines were sent down the train could not be reached and the party returned, several of them being badly frost-bitten. It is believed that the stock perished to-day.

MINNEAPOLIS Minn., Jan. 4.—The weather is intensely cold, The thermometer at noon to-day registered thirty degrees below zero, the lowest point at that hour for twenty-five years.

ST. LOUIS. Jan. 4.—This has been the coldest day of the season here, the mercury marking from two degrees above to four degrees below zero, according to locality. The railroad traffic was somewhat impeded. The river is full of heavy floating ice, and if the weather does not moderate materially within twenty-four or thirty-six hours gorges will be formed below the city and navigation suspended indefinitely.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 4.—Specials confirm the reports that this has been the coldest weather for years. At Branierd at six o'clock this morning the thermometer registered forty-two degrees below zero. At Fondulac it was thirty-two degrees below. In this city to-night it registered twenty-five degrees below and the temperature was falling last night. It ranged from thirty to thirty-five below.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 4.—To-day was the coldest known here for 40 years, the thermometer standing at about 25 degrees below zero all day. At 8 o'clock to-night the thermometer registered 32 degrees below.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday

Wheat, old,	1.00
Corn	60
Rye	60
Oats White	35
Buckwheat	
Flour	5.00
Salt, per Bri	1.50
Plaster, ground	
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	
Butter	25
Hams	16
Sides	12
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	30
Potatoes	35
Lard	14

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$4.75
Stove "	5.00
Chestnut	4.75
Pea	3.25
Pea by the car load	Special Prices.

THE ANNUAL,

Farmer's Institute

will be held at the College, begining JANUARY 29TH and ending FEBUARY 8TH. There will be at least

THIRTY LECTURES,

by members of the College faculty and several distinguished gentlemen from abroad.

Circulars, giving full details, sent on application to Prof. W. H. Jordan or to the President, State College, Centre Co., Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Winter Term begins Jan. 4, 1884.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to students of both sexes, and offers the following courses of study:

1. A Full Classical Course of Four Years.
2. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
3. A Latin Scientific Course.
4. The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
5. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture.
6. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
7. A Classical and Scientific Preparatory Course.
8. SPECIAL COUSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of a competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, PRESIDENT,
STATE COLLEGE, CENTRE CO., Pa.

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MILLHEIM, PA.

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Fashionable Barber,

Next Door to JOURNAL Store, Main Street,
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Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings.

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ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN,

PROPRIETOR.

Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc. sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Read All This!

DINGES, VONADA & CO.,

COBURN, PA.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Although our house has been established but six months we are happy to inform the people that our success has exceeded our expectations each month's sales far exceeding those of the previous month and we desire to mention here that our stock of goods will be made more complete as we learn the wants of the people. We are now offering

Special Drives

IN

OVERCOATS AND WINTER SUITS,

TO LAST UNTIL FEBRUARY 1ST.

COME QUICK!

We think we have the

FINEST INGRAIN CARPETS,

VERY HANDSOME PATTERNS,
For 50 cts., ever put on the market.

LOOK AT IT!

WE OFFER

Drives in all Departments,

and ask you to give us a call for anything you may want in general merchandise and you will be convinced that our store is the best place to do your dealing.

We already speak of enlarging our rooms in order to better display our increasing stock.

ALL ARE WELCOME!

REMEMBER THE PLACE—

Dinges, Vonada & Co.,

Coburn, Pa.

W. T. Mauck & Son's

CIRCULAR LETTER

ON

FURNITURE, WALL PAPRES AND DECORATIONS.

We take pleasure in informing our friends and customers that we have on hand the most complete Stock of Furniture ever brought to this town or valley, consisting in

Parlor Suites. Chamber Suites, Dining Room Furniture, Tables, Stands, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Springs of every description, Hair, Cotton, Husk and Straw Mattresses, Sofas, Lounges, Cradles, Hall Stands, Centre Tables, Easy Chairs, Book Cases, Wardrobes, Mirrors, Frames, ——What-Nots, Etc., Etc.——

Our stock of

WALL PAPERS & DECORATIONS

are entirely new patterns, and customers calling at our shops will after examination find that we are prepared to suit all tastes and fancies. The leading Wall Paper manufacturers are designing and printing papers so far in advance of those in former years, that we can now show styles of

PAPER HANGINGS

to customers that will improve their homes so much that they will not be without them.

PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST!

Earnestly soliciting a kind patronage we invite the public to call and inspect the goods at our shops,

Penn St., MILLHEIM, Penna.

W. T. MAUCK & SON.

BUY YOUR

BOOTS & SHOES,

AT

J. KAMP'S

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

CLOUGH & WARREN

ORGANS

THE ONLY ORGANS WITH QUALIFYING TUBES GIVING A PIPE ORGAN TONE.

Address, CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO., Detroit, Mich.

Terrible Experience of Three Miners.

GIRARD, Pa., December27.— While Michael Mulvey, James Grant and Henry Beerman were diggiug coal out of a breach in the mountains north of this place this morning, a large mass of earth, which they had undermined, fell unexpectedly, burying them under it. Mulvey managed to free himself, and after much trouble extricated his companions. Grants' right leg and arm were broken and his face horribly scarred. Beerman was completely buried and it required the most strenuous efforts of Mulvey to pull him out. Beerman was almost dead and his recovery is doubtful. Wounded as he was, Mulvey managed to crawl to the nearest house and procure help for his friends. All three are married and live about two miles from the scene of the accident.

The Philadelphia Times, 1884.

THE TIMES will enter upon the new year stronger and more prosperous than ever before in its history —more widely read and quoted, more heartily commended, and more fiercely critisied with a more complete organization, and an abler staff of contributors—and with the same independence and fearlessness that has made it successful and powerful in the past.

THE TIMES has no party to follow, on candidates to advance, but will meet every issue, as it has ever done, with consistent devotion to the right, to honest government, had the public welfare. And, while maintaning its position as the leading paper of Philadelphia, it will aim to be continually in advance in all that can add value to a newspaper.

The value of a newspaper is not in its size or display, but in the intelligence and care, the conciseness and freshness with which it is edited. THE TIMES spends laivshly for news from all parts of the world, but all its dispatches are carefully edited and condensed, in order to give the complete news of the day in the most concise and attractive shape, and with it a large variety of entertaining and instructive reading. The best writers at home and abroad are imployed to enrich its colums, and to make it a journal adapted both to the busy man and to the leisure of the home circle, a welcome visitor to intelligent and honest citizens of every political, religious, and social taste.

THE WEEKLY TIMES is altogether different from the weekly newspapers of twenty years ago. The telegraph and better local newspapers everywhere, especially in the thriving centres of rural population, have made the old weekly metropolitan newspaper unsatisfying. Those that cling to their ancient usages have lost their hold on our forward-moving people; they are but shadows of their former greatness, and they have but a shadow of their former power. Those papers have had their usefulness, but it is gone; and, with it, they are going, too. It was not the fault of papers; it was the improvement of the country that brought about the change. Men and women, wherever they live, now require fresher news; and they require more than news.

THE WEEKLY TIMES gathers off the types ot every passing week whatever has lasting interests to people at large, and sets it before them in such generosity of paper and print as would have astonished ns all twenty years ago.

DAILY—Twelve cents a week, fifty cents a montn, $5 a year, two cents a copy.

SUNDAY—Four cents a copy, $2 a year.

WEEKLY—One copy, $2 a year; five copies, $8 a year; ten copies, $15 a year; twenty copies, $25 a year, with one copy free to the getter-up of every club.

THE TIMES,
Philadelphia.

DID YOU

ever read a patent medicine advertisement? Yes, say you; one can't pick up a paper now-a-days that is not one-half medicine advertisements. No doubt of it. Column after column of most wonderful cures performed on Jones and Brown away off somewhere.

But did you ever read of a manufacturer of a medicine who had the courage, or had sufficient confidence in his medicine himself to say. "if you are not cured or benefited go to where you bought the medicine and demand your money and it will be given to you."

You didn't? Well, neither did we; but there are such remedies nevertheless.

Are you troubled with torpid or diseased Liver, inactive Kidneys, Billiousness, Constipation, &c., &c., use McDonald's improved Liver Pills—*money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.*

Do you inherit Scrofula or Erisipilas? If so, try McDonald's Great Blood Purifier—*money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.*

Do you want to feel secure from those frightful and oftimes fatal visitors, Croup and Whooping Cough, as well as having in the family the one incomparable cough medicine for all colds and lung troubles. Then buy Dr. Kessler's famous cough medicine—*money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.*

Do you waut a whole Drug store in a little glass bottle: then secure at once, Curtis' Carmelite Cordial: the greatest medicine ever devised for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, &c. Never was equaled as a general family pain curer—*money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.*

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Dr. Barber at his Drug store, in Middleburgh, Snyder county, Penna., keeps these remedies for sale and is authorized to refund the money to any dissatisfied buyer. Now ask yourself the question, can I afford to place a humbug before you under the above conditions, or would a druggist of J Eisenhuth's standing and reputation be likely to have these medicines, in his store, much less recommend them, if they were not medicines of merit.

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DON'T.

Don't go to bed with cold feet; don't sleep in the same under-garments that are worn during the day; don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated; don't sit or sleep in a draught; d on't lay on the left side too much; don't lie on the back, to keep from snoring; don't try to get along with seven or eight hours' sleep out of twenty four; don't jump out of bed immediately on awaking in the morning; don't forget to rub yourself well all over with a crash towel or hands belore dressing; don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast; don't take long walks when the sto mach is entirely empty; don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast; don't eat anything but well cooked and nutritious food; don't eat what you don't want just to save it; don't eat between meals, nor eat to cause uneasiness at meal time; don't eat the smallest morsal unless hungry, if well; don't try to keep up on coffee or alchoholic stimulants, when nature is calling you to sleep; don't stand over hot-air registers; don't inhale hot air, or fumes of any acids; don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster; don't wear thin hose or light-souled shoes in cold or wet weather; don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill; don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk, by a dim light, or flickering candle, or when very tired; don't sing or holler when your throat is sore or you are hoarse; don't drink ice-water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly; don't take some other persons medicine because you are simply afflicted; don't bathe in less than two hours after eating; don't eat in less than two hours after bathing; don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore; don't make a practice of relating scandal, or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick; don't fotget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them; don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicin e, get another doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up or talk him to death before you think of leaving.

In walking or other exercise, learn to keep the mouth firmly closed, and breathe entirely through the nose. You can walk as far again with less fatigue and without getting out of breath, than when you breathe through the mouth. Try it.

The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.—*Ex.*

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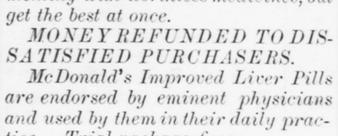

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Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.35		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.36	2.40		
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar	11.00 ar	2.55		
			lc. 3 05		
Millmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Wiker Run	8.57		4.06		
Cherry Run	9.15		4.25		
Fowler	9.35		4.47		
Coburn	9.48		5.06		
Spring Mills	ar 10.15		ar. 5.30		

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	2	4	6	8	10
		A. M.		P. M.	
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Coburn		6 18		2.20	
Fowler		6.28		2.33	
Cherry Run		6.48		2.55	
Wiker Run		7.05		3.15	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Millmont		7.40		3.52	
			A. M.		
Mifflinburg		8.00	11.40	4.15	
			P. M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl		8 20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground	A. M.	8.30	12.33	4.48	P. M.
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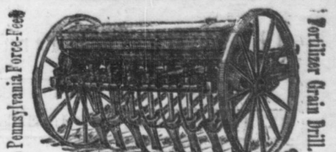

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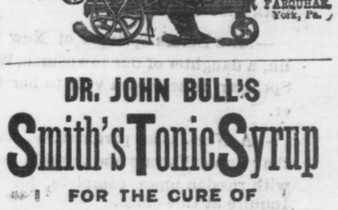

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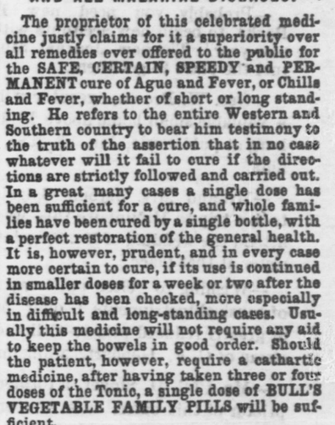

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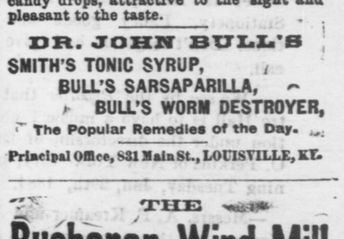

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